

THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1828.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MISS ANNA
MARIA PORTER.

THERE is nothing of which we ought to feel more proud than those numerous examples of female excellence which this country abundantly furnishes ; and the lady whose portrait embellishes our present number, exemplifies in herself those amiable and exalted attributes which give to woman's loveliness additional attractions. Her life has been one of retiring usefulness, and we are happy to add, of tranquil and happy enjoyment. It does not furnish her biographer with any great variety of materials ; but when we know that, blessing and blest, she is surrounded by a dear circle of affectionate relatives, and that she commands the respect and regard of all those whose opinion and friendship are worth obtaining—the wise and the virtuous, we are prepared to enter upon the incidents of her literary, apart from domestic, life, with sentiments of approbation which her numerous works will certainly tend to confirm.

Miss Anna Maria Porter, is the youngest daughter of a gallant officer, who died fighting the battles of his country. Her mother still survives in the enjoyment of those reflected honours which she derives from the literary reputation of her children. Her eldest daughter, Miss Jane Porter, has had the honour in her affecting romance of *Thaddeus of Warsaw* to have suggested, we believe, the idea of the "Waverley Novels." Dr. Porter has written several medical works of deserved repute, and Sir Robert

Ker Porter is not better known by the admirable creations of his pencil, than for the scientific and amusing account of his Travels through Persia. Surrounded by a family so eminently literary, it is by no means wonderful that the talents of the fair subject of this memoir, early developed themselves. Her juvenile essays were full of that promise which was amply fulfilled in her more mature productions; she became a contributor to a popular periodical; and a pursuit which she had adopted merely for amusement soon became the settled business of her life. Her amiable mother, the compass and elegance of whose mind, may be inferred from the tone of society which she created around her, encouraged the efforts of her lively and charming daughter, and Miss Anna Maria Porter soon appeared in public, as the author of a romance entitled *The Hungarian Brothers*. In this work we have a lively picture of the manners of Hungary and Germany during the latter part of the eighteenth century. The plot is singularly interesting, and the story uncommonly well sustained. In one particular it exhibits an impress of a mind more poetical and humane than an enlarged experience with the world would warrant. In love with virtue and all its attributes, she has drawn her characters such as they ought to be, rather than such as they might have been expected, but we confess this trait in the characters of *The Hungarian Brothers*, induced us to read their story more than once.

Her next romance, *Don Sebastian*, was of a more ambitious character. The obscurity of her hero's story—the mystery which enveloped the termination of his career, and the bold and chivalrous character of the times in which he lived, afforded full scope for the exercise of those abilities with which the fair author was gifted. Her descriptions harmonize accurately with the outline which history furnishes; and her picture of domestic life, in the drawing of which she excels, adds considerably to the interest of a story, which, to be attractive, hardly required the embellishments of fancy.

The Recluse of Norway succeeded, and exhibits increased powers of observation and a more correct style. The characters are far more natural in this than in her preceding works; but though she has bestowed upon her heroes fewer virtues, enough remain to assure us that the authoress continued to contemplate the fairer side of human nature. The siege of Malta was a stirring incident, and Miss A. M. Porter founded "The Knights of St. John" upon it. Her selection evinced the accuracy of

her judgment. The moral of the tale is entitled to every praise, and the execution of the whole is every way worthy of the pen which produced *Don Sebastian*. Her next work was *The Feast of St. Magdalen*, a story abounding with beauties of a very high order : it is quite dramatic in its construction ; and shows that, had Miss Porter turned her mind that way, she could not have failed to enrich the national drama. The scene is laid in Florence, at that period of its history which is filled with the disgrace and restoration of the Medici family. The characters are well drawn, and an Italian spirit breathes throughout the work : so much so, that *The Feast of St. Magdalen* has in it less of the tramontane stiffness than most of our English Novels,—a proof that the fair author has caught the tone of the times, and of the land she would describe.

The distinguishing characteristics of Miss Porter's novels are a pure and lofty morality, a truly feminine sensibility, great sweetness of description, an eloquent appreciation of natural beauties, and a graceful style of composition. If ever the mind of an author was expressed in her works it is that of Miss Porter. Her pure and gentle temper beams through every page of her writings, and sheds a cheerful and beneficial light throughout the whole of them. Piety and good-will breathe in every sentiment, without the slightest appearance of affectation ; and while every one must be amused by them, few can rise from the perusal of her volumes without an amelioration and refinement of feeling, the results of which will work out some portion of good in the world. It is for their happy effects in this respect that Miss Porter is entitled to her highest praise as an authoress. Such books as she writes are destined chiefly for the perusal of her own sex. To women, from the nature of their vocations, reading is more a necessary of life than it is to men ; and they can read nothing, in spite of the cavils against novel-reading, more likely at once to refine and improve their minds, without the effort of study, than such as Miss Porter's. Those novels represent the most amiable parts of the female character in their most agreeable developments ; and treating, as they do, of tales of pure affection and honorable deeds, they teach women, and young women particularly, how much influence they possess, and how usefully, and virtuously, and beautifully they may employ it.

Besides the works already enumerated, Miss Porter has published others of a less ambitious and more domestic character.

Her *Roche Blanche* possesses considerable interest, and *Honor O'Hara* is a sweetly told tale. In it we have another proof of the versatility of the author's talents; for she exhibits a familiarity with the scenes of Irish life, and with the peculiar and racy dialect of that country hardly to be expected from one conversant with the higher walks of society in this. Some of the characters speak the brogue with a felicity and unction not surpassed by the creations of Mr. Banim's discursive imagination.

Since the appearance of "*Honor O'Hara*," the subject of this memoir, in conjunction with her talented sister, whose numerous works will continue to be popular while just sentiment and a correct style are duly estimated, has produced two series of amusing tales. The first is entitled *Tales Round a Winter's Hearth*, and the second *Coming out: or the Field of Forty footsteps*. These are a proud testimony not only to the sisterly love of these talented ladies, but to their high attainments; it is pleasant to see them thus labouring to forward the best interests of society by instructive fictions; and perpetuate their own names by the means of intellectual accomplishments. There is a maturity about these latter works, which bespeaks increased industry in the fair writers; and though all the tales are excellent, some may, perhaps, without incurring the charge of partiality, give the preference to the pen of Miss Jane Porter, whose invaluable contributions have so constantly enriched the pages of the Ladies' Museum.

THE PLEASURES OF WINTER.

It is in winter that we should endeavour to enjoy the recollected pleasures of summer,—and delight ourselves with the memory of the warmth of colouring, beauty of appearance, and verdurous clothing of the estival scenes that have just passed from us; and let us hope that we may be permitted again to luxuriate in the golden light, the beautiful flowers, and the delicious music of birds, that ever characterise this pleasure-fraught season.—Again, winter is the season of domestic delights—of sociality—of fire-side enjoyments—of twilight musing—of that mild melancholy which whispers us of the coming winter of our lives, mixed with the cheerful hope that we yet have some delicious days of summer dreaming to enjoy and call our's, ere the May of our lives falls into 'the sere and yellow leaf,' and its autumn dies in the lap of winter.—*Time's Telescope*.

RAMBLES ROUND TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

(Continued from page 211.)

AN EVENING'S WALK THROUGH PENSHURST.

"Thy Sons were brave, thy Daughters beautiful!"

It is the story of the past, that tells of thee, sweet Penshurst.—Thou standest like deserted Auburn, once "the loveliest village of the plain!" Lonely, in thy grey walls,—and silent too;—for the voice of festive revelry, nor the gladsome welcome of hospitable greeting, no longer sound here! I rode down the rocky declivity, hung with its neglected copse-wood, which overlooked the valley of Penshurst park, I contemplated the shadowy towers, and long, battlemented roofs of the old mansion, stretching between them; where the ivy, and mingling stonewort now interlace the half-hidden windows, whence, in ages back, the face of female beauty looked out, and "made a sunshine in the shady place." Spenser sung his epithalamium, on his young patron's nuptial morn, under those casements, then jasmine-clad; and there, when the bridal garlands were stripped away to give room for the funeral chaplet, the mourning poet's voice chanted the dirge of Asphodel! Stella, the widowed bride of the gallant Sidney, looked from that dismantled lattice no more. And Mira, the sister of his soul, turned away from the window which could never again present to her eyes the coming steed of her beloved brother, bearing him, smiling, to the home of his heart! Spenser, —chosen friend of the gallant and good!—thou hast sat alone under those forsaken towers; and thy tears, precious as the floods of Helicon, have watered the thick cypress that grew there. But the scythe of desolation, more exterminating than that of time, has swept over those sad memorials of the brave and fair.—Did one tell of noble Sidney's fate in the hero-field of Zutphen?—Did one point to the grave where his patriot-nephew sleeps "till the resurrection of the just?" And where is the black yew that rose over all, proclaiming the mourning banner of the bereaved sire and devastated grand-sire?—But did not some

of that funereal grove bend their drooping heads where buried beauty lay?

“ Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother !
Death, ere thou shalt strike another,
Fair, and good, and bright as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee ! ”

I rode on, musing on the passing scene of this world ;—the actors in its social and family happiness, gone from its surface as if they had never been ;—the warm heart cold—the bright eye closed—the voice silent—the whole man and woman hidden beneath in the earth—nay, mixed with its common clay ! Sidney—Algernon—Mary of Pembroke—Sacharissa ! Is it even so, with ye ? Has the worm fed on your bridal cheeks ? Hath the canker-worm eaten up the heart of genius, of goodness, of the tenderest affections ? Be it so ;—for “ the body sinks to earth, but the spirit returns to the God that gave it ! ” That is the assurance of a divine teacher. And, even more, the same sacredly inspired page, speaks thus of man :—“ I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though worms feed on this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God ! ”

All things are possible to the Creator of all things ! And bowing to the faith, that in bringing truth and immortality to light, has indeed “ swallowed up death in victory,” I ceased to lament the illustrious dead as if they were indeed no more. I felt the conviction within me, that they were departed in spirit into a “ heavenly country ; ” and, with soothed memory, I continued my steps to the ancient place of their former earthly dwelling. As I passed on I recollected the chronicles of its successive inhabitants, thus :—

Penshurst did not always belong to the Sidneys, but is first found in Kentish records as the property of an old family, anterior to the Norman conquest, named Penchester, or Penshurst ; which, in the language of that era in England, meant the head of the Castle, or the head of the wood. But since its foundation, for a baronial place of strength, it has undergone many architectural changes ; and, finally, appears more in the stile of an English nobleman’s embattled palace-mansion, than according to the stern fashion of an ancient feudal family fortress. In those distant days of chivalric possession, it was maintained by the old British race of the Penchesters, against all the arts, military or political, of the overwhelming Norman dynasty ; and so they

continued its undisputed lords through many reigns, until Stephen de Pencheſter, who was Baron of the Cinque Ports, and conſtable of Dover Caſtle to King Edward II, died without male iſſue, in his native valley.—He left one daughter, a noted beauty of her time; *Alice the flower*! and ſhe married the Baron de Columbers, a knight of great renown, to whom ſhe carried the noble poſſeſſions of Pencheſter; ſhe being the ſole inheritrix. A ſucceſſion of inter-marriages, and other circumſtances, from this period continued to change the owners of the place, amongſt the families of Pultney, Devereux, Fitzwalter, &c., till at length, being the property of Sir Ralph Vane, in the troublesome reign of Edward VI. it was forfeited, by the attainder of that unfortunate gentleman, to the crown. The young monarch, whoſe juſt taſte and warm affections, had ſelected Sir William Sidney as his moſt confidential friend, beſtowed the territory of Penſhurſt upon that brave knight, as a laſting and entailed memorial of his love. His portrait, in full length, is, at preſent, one of the fineſt ornaments in the great gallery of the manſion. He is dreſſed in the graceful coſtume of the times, ſo well adapted to the diſplay of a manly perſon, with a noble port; and Sir William Sidney exhibits both. The picture muſt have been painted in the prime of his days; he ſeems hardly thirty; of a fair and noble countenance, with blue eyes, and hair of a light auburn. He died fuller of honours than of years, at Penſhurſt, Anno Domini, 1553, and left the manſion and its ſurrounding domain, to his ſon, Henry Sidney; the heir of his worth, and of his Sovereign's favour. Indeed the young inheritor had been brought up from a child, with that youthful miracle of royal virtues, Edward VI; and his own upright character and gallant ſpirit, eſtabliſhed his manhood in the eſteem of all good men. It was in his friend Henry Sidney's arms that the monarch expired; and Sidney, retiring from grief to the ſecluſion of Penſhurſt there eſcaped all the calamities which overwhelmed the family of his young wife's father, the Duke of Northumberland, on the failure of that nobleman's ambitious attempts againſt the acceſſion of Queen Mary. During that unhappy, becauſe blindly tyrannous, princeſs's reign, Sir Henry Sidney remained in the boſom of an unobſerved country quiet; but when "the deſire of the Proteſtant faith, in the land, came to the throne,"—when Elizabeth ſucceeded to her ſiſter, Sir Henry Sidney emerged from the ſhade, and his ſervices became a ſtrong-hold of the Maiden Queen's ameliorating politics. He

was appointed Lord president of the marches of Wales ; and then Lord Chief Justice of Ireland ; after which, his exemplary conduct there, caused her to make him acting-governor of the whole Island. His name is even yet remembered there, as that of a benefactor ; and the unbonneted head of a true Milesian Connaught-man will bow when "the good Sidney !" is mentioned. The poet Spenser, was his confidential secretary there ; and the deeds of justice and mercy, well accorded with the spirit of Prince Authur and his squire, so nobly portrayed in the poet's poem of "*the Faery Queen*." Sir Henry Sidney, during his previous retirement, had made some magnificent additions to the old building ; and one was the fine tower of entrance ; which he emblazoned, we may call it, with an inscription, wrought in stone over the great porch, expressing his gratitude and love to the memory of the beneficent Prince who had bestowed that *homestead* on his father. He died in the execution of his March duties, at Ludlow, in the year 1586 ; whence his remains were brought, with all the solemnity of real grief, to Penshurst ; and interred there in the funeral vault of the family. His portrait, too, adorns the walls of Penshurst. We must call it, *adorns* ; for the countenance, even now, though time has faded the colours, breathes a kindling life of goodness, mixed with all the energy of talent. His hair, eyes and complexion, are darker than his father's ; but the benign expression of the features in both pictures is much the same. Sir Henry Sidney, having married early in life to lady Mary Dudley, the eldest daughter of the (afterwards unfortunate) Duke of Northumberland, by her he had a large family of children ; all of whom lived to yet more distinguish his celebrated name. His lady's portrait, shewing a physiognomy of much dignity and sweetness, hangs opposite to her husband's ; and, in different parts of the same chamber, the likenesses of many of her illustrious, but unhappy, paternal family are also displayed. Her father's picture—the too ambitious Northumberland—is three or four times repeated ; and not far from the rest of them, an interesting head of his ill-fated daughter by marriage, the lady Jane Grey, is religiously preserved. I also distinguished a half-mouldering head, on its canvass effigy, of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Winchester ; but none of the more interesting Guilford Dudley, his brother, who perished, guiltless of ambitious premeditated treason, though like his young, and at the same time decapitated bride, he was forced to wear an usurped

crown for ten days. Neither of them were much more than seventeen years of age at the time of their nuptials, and compelled act of royal assumption. But in those times there was little attention paid to qualifying circumstances; and the sentence of prejudice, if to be at all sanctioned by law, passed inexorable. The gentleness and pensive innocence of lady Jane Grey's countenance is very affecting, and oftentimes haunted my imagination, like her mournful shade. It does not appear, either from history or family annals, that the lady Mary Sidney, the daughter of that proud Northumberland, ever shared in the wish he had for the royal aggrandizement of his race; and the children she bore to her really patriotic husband, Sir Henry Sidney, were all reared to the same honest principles to live *sans peur, sans reproche*. At the head of this accomplished offspring, was the renowned, or, as he was remarkably stiled, "the incomparable Sir Philip Sidney!" At the age of one-and-twenty, he was a minister of state, a consummate captain in the field, and an ambassador, sent to the most erudite and subtle of European courts. Every where admiration received him, success accompanied him, and reverence followed him. He was, indeed,

"———with early laurels crowned;

The lover's myrtle, with the poet's bays."

But he was more than that:—though "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form; the observed of all observers;" though the smile of beauty courted him; literature sought him as a patron; though distant nations offered to him a sceptre to be their king! his high soul remained uncorrupted: his ambition pointed to the objects of his duty, in the station to which it had pleased his Creator to place him and uphold him; and, even in the blaze of his fame, while the gauds of the world were thus wooing him, he stole hours from his nightly rest—not to pass them in gaiety and revelry—but to translate into a fine nervous English, the invaluable treatise of Mornay de Plessis upon Providence. I had the now rare printed volume in my pocket; and, when I entered the Park of Penshurst, having left my horse at the romantic old Inn in the village, sought out the fast decaying tree, called the *Bear oak* and sitting down on a broken-off branch, at the foot of its huge hollow-stem, read a few of its most striking passages. The christian soldier's piety was in every line; the faith, and the practice consequent on that faith, which shields the brave heart in the hour of battle.—Faith in Providence is the christian warrior's *fate*;

and, by that unerring confidence, that all is in an Almighty will and an Almighty power, he goeth out to the combat thoughtless of any chance bullet ; for he knows that *no chance* can befall him !

"Why, Sir," said a gentle voice to me, advancing from the other side of the tree, "is this named the *Bear oak* ? Perhaps you live here, and can tell me how so inappropriate a title should belong to a tree, which they told me in the village, was planted the day of the amiable Sir Philip Sidney's birth !" The speaker was a youth of about seventeen, of a genteel appearance, and his whole aspect seemed so like the mild but attractive epithet he had bestowed on the gallant Sidney, that I rose instantly, and thus answered him.

J. P.

ANECDOTE OF BARON HOLBACH.

THIS singular character was always ambitious of being regarded as a man of universal science ; and he received one day, from an American port, a letter from an intimate friend, which was written in the following manner :

"I had a very comfortable and safe passage here ; unmarked by any particular event, except the following, which I think well worthy your attention. A cabin-boy fell from the main-mast on the deck and broke his leg ; it was tied together as strongly as possible, with packthread steeped in rosin and brandy ; in a minute after this operation, he could use it as well as he did before the accident. All the crew were present at this process, and we know not which to admire most, the skill of him who undertook the cure or its entire success."

The Baron lost no time in communicating this intelligence to the college of surgeons, vouching for the veracity of his correspondent, and the disciples of Esculapius debated together to find out the means of so marvellous a cure : it is even affirmed that one among them was about to publish a learned dissertation, to prove and establish by physical reasons, the manner in which this operation ought to be performed, when the Baron received a second letter from his friend, which contained the following lines :

"I forgot to mention one trifling circumstance in the account of the event of which I informed you in my last : which is, that the leg of the Cabin-boy, which was broken, was made of *wood*."

NATIONAL PRIDE.

NATIONAL pride must not be confounded with patriotism; for the former is commonly founded on imaginary advantages, and consists in having a good opinion of ourselves, and contempt for others.

Thus, there are certain families at Rome, who believe that they are descended in a direct line from the Trojans, and are persuaded that they must render themselves unworthy of their illustrious race; if they attended any of the public fêtes except in a carriage; those who are not rich enough to keep one, half starve themselves to accomplish this end; and it has even happened, when it cannot be obtained, that parents have dressed out their daughter, like a lady of high distinction, and the mother walked behind her, as a waiting-maid, the father, as a footman.

Let a christian ask a Turkish Sultan why he suddenly promotes one of his gardeners to be a governor of a province, or a general in his army; he will answer, "knowest thou not christian dog, that to be fit for every thing it is only requisite to be a Turk?"

It was once told to a man who sold oranges in Murcia, that a German Prince was in love with his daughter. "Do you think," then, said he, "that I would ever bestow her on one who was not a Spaniard?"

Who is there who does not recollect having read in a history of Voyages and Travels, an adventure that befel Father Labat, on his reception at the court of Abyssinia? Scarcely had he began his oration to the King, when twenty or thirty of the greatest men began to cudgel him well, in order to give him an idea of the strength and courage of their nation. It may be well imagined that the reverend father was not slow in declaring the Abyssinians the bravest people in the world, and they then studied who should behave to him with the greatest politeness.

It is highly interesting to observe what pride a mountaineer takes in his country. Mr. Coxe, travelling near Munster, was requested by a peasant to inform him, what he thought of his country; and pointing to the mountains, exclaimed, "behold our walls and bulwarks; even Constantinople is not so strongly fortified!" And I never reflect but with pleasure, on the satisfaction with which a farmer, residing in one of the cliffs near Ffestiniog, replied to my assertion that England was the finest and best country in the world; "Ah! but you have no mountains, sir; you've got no mountains!"

On the summit of the Pichincha Don George Juan and Don Antonio de Ulloa pitched themselves, for the purpose of making astronomical observations. The Pichincha is not so elevated as the Cotopaxi ; but the view from it is, perhaps, more magnificent. After enjoying the prospect for some time, they saw lightning issue from the clouds beneath ; and heard the thunder rolling, in wild volumes, at their feet. The sky above was of a clear azure. The spot where they stood was a vast accumulation of ice and snow. The cold was intense ; and the mountain itself seemed to stand, as it were, insulated in the midst of a vast ocean. This scene, sublime as it was, derived additional sublimity from the sound of enormous fragments of rocks, which, at intervals, fell into the gulfs beneath. The natives of these regions believe them to surpass every country under heaven. The Sicilian peasants, in the same manner, have such an affection for Etna, that they believe Sicily would not be habitable without it. "It keeps us warm in winter," say they, "and furnishes us with ice in summer."

TROPICAL SUN-SETS.

A SETTING sun between the tropics is certainly one of the finest objects in nature. The splendour of the scene generally commenced about twenty minutes before sun-set, when the feathery, fantastic, and singularly-crystallized clouds in the higher regions of the atmosphere became fully illumined by the sun's rays ; and the fine mackarel-shaped clouds, common in these regions, were seen hanging in the concave of heaven like fleeces of burnished gold. When the sun approached the verge of the horizon, he was frequently seen encircled by a halo of splendor, which continued increasing till it covered a large space of the heavens : it then began apparently to shoot out from the body of the sun, in refulgent pencils or radii, each as large as a rainbow, exhibiting to the rarity or density of the atmosphere, a display of brilliant or delicate tints, and of ever changing lights and shades of the most amazing beauty and variety. About twenty minutes after sun-set these splendid shooting rays disappeared, and were succeeded by a fine rich glow in the heavens, in which you might easily fancy that you saw land rising out of the ocean, stretching itself before you and on every side in the most enchanting perspective, and having the glowing lustre of a bar of iron when newly withdrawn from the forge.—*Friendship's Offering.*

THE NIGHTINGALE.

(Concluded from page 271.)

G***, April, 1815.

AN incident of no particular moment in itself, has quickly and suddenly brought about the eclaircissement, which has hitherto been the only thing wanting to consolidate the relations between myself and the beloved Alvina.

I was standing in company with her at the garden gate, on the look out for a female friend of her's, residing a couple of leagues from G***, who had sent word she would come on a visit. At length the chaise was seen approaching at a brisk rate; it was within almost a stone's throw from the parsonage, and the two friends were already joyfully waving their pocket handkerchiefs in token of mutual recognition, when suddenly the horses took fright at the moving sails of a windmill by the road-side, and instead of keeping in a straight line, flew off sideways on the narrow path of a field, at the bottom of which there is a deep gravel pit. I instantly rushed forth, and leaping over ditches and furrows, luckily got the desired start, and by a courageous snatch of the reins, ultimately succeeded in stopping the frightened animals, which the driver, a young country lad, wanted strength and dexterity to manage. Meanwhile, Alvina's shrieks of distress had collected several prompt assistants. Her friend was conveyed to the parsonage in a state of insensibility. Myself, who, previously to attaining my object, had been dragged some distance in rather a rough manner, felt contused in my limbs, and was obliged to limp on slowly in the rear of the train.

I had just reached with difficulty the garden fence, when Alvina came hastily running towards me, with the expression of fear and anxiety depicted on her countenance. To discover me, extend her arms, cling to my neck, and caress me with the most touching tenderness, was the affair of a moment. Mental sufferings, and bodily pain were forgotten; an inexpressible thrill of delight stunned my senses while locked in the arms of the lovely girl. Glowing kisses sealed the coral lips attempting to extol, in tremulous and flattering accents, the successful exploit as an act of heroism, combined with magnanimous self-devotion, and the union of our love was ratified with indubitable clearness.

“But now let these dismal furrows of trouble and dejection

disappear forever," the charmer whispered, as she was disengaging herself from my embraces, and smilingly passing her hand over my forehead.

"Joy of my soul!" I cried, in blissful oblivion of myself, "Is it possible to feel any longer unhappy when conscious of being beloved by you?"

All at once she perceived my right hand bleeding. "Oh, get in, get in, quick, quick!" she cried, alarmed at the discovery. "You have received a hurt; let us hasten to staunch the blood, and put a proper dressing on the wound."

"Gently, gently, Alvina," I cried, as she was endeavouring, in exuberant vivacity, to draw me along with her, "I cannot move quite so fast just now; although the bleeding of my hand, or the sprain of my ankle is nothing much to signify."

Supported with tender care by Alvina, I managed to get forward, and we soon gained the interior of the mansion. Her friend had, in the interim, perfectly recovered from the stunning effect of the fright. Enquiries and observations on various matters, now began to engross the attention of both females; not another word was said about the accident near the windmill, and in the full enjoyment of unclouded peace of mind, I passed an afternoon such as I do not recollect having ever passed before. Alvina's looks, which in sweet reference to our recent intimate interchange of of sentiments in the garden, now met mine more frequently than ever, penetrated my fluttering heart like mantling rays from heaven, so that it seemed to me, that, what with the decided certainty of her favour and affection, and what with the unabated aching and burning of my limbs, brought on by my alacrity to save her jeopardized friend, the torturing oppression of the heart had, at length, been got the better of and entirely removed.

Is it not sometimes the practice in incipient disorders of the mind; (or else it is that I have a confused recollection of some such fact,) is it not the practice to make painful incisions in various places of the patient's body, and by giving up the less noble parts, offer, as it were, the malady a fair compromise, stagger it in its operation, and compel it to take another course? If a similar experiment were found specific in cleansing the afflicted bosom of that oppressive load which weighs upon the heart, Wallner, I would study nothing so much as to contrive an implement to act painfully on my body for all the remaining days of my life.

G***, May, 1815.

At length, towards the close of last month, Alvina's brother has arrived. A portly man, taciturn and reserved, apparently well-tutored, and thoroughly seasoned by multifarious, and very extraordinary experience. A deep-rooted earnestness imprinted on a bold cast of features; eyes glowing with a steady and tempered fire; a corrugated brow, shaded by random locks of a grizzly hue, and a complexion deeply browned in foreign climes, at first sight, rather repel than attract; but on better acquaintance, he betrays, notwithstanding his forbidding exterior, unerring traces of noble and delicate feeling, and perfectly effaces the prejudicial impression his athletic form, bordering on unwieldiness, is apt to make. Hence it seems as if Alvina too, longing as she has been, from day to day, with the most ardent impatience for his arrival, cannot at all recognize in a figure so harsh, and appearing to such disadvantage, a brother, and draw near to him with the fondness of a sister. Her eyes hang with shy reverence on the new comer, in whose presence she never ventures to repeat the exclamations of rapture, which she would some time ago manifest, by joyous skipping and dancing, at the bare mention of his return; and her satisfaction at the re-union with her only relative is subject to disappointments and involuntary shrinkings at his very appearance. But all this will wear off, in proportion as the flattering idea she formed of him previously to his arrival, which certainly bears no analogy to the original, fades away in her mind, and she becomes accustomed to his society. Accordingly, when I am alone with her, and hear from her lips the apprehensive and dismaying doubts with which her brother's repelling exterior has infected her, I never fail to take his part; I endeavour to point out to her disappointed expectation the nobler and more commendable qualities of the heart and mind perceptible in him, and to encourage her to overcome the latent dislike, ready to intrude its uncongenial influence on the more benevolent yearnings of nature and affinity.

For my own part, I have already managed, without any trouble or difficulty whatever, to place myself on the best possible footing with him. Although of a profession diametrically opposite to my own, he seems to take pleasure in my society; and the tone prevailing between us becomes every day more cordial and easy. Befriended by constant, mild, and serene spring weather, we sit, for whole afternoons together, in the great elder alcove in the garden,

where he is detailing, in unvarnished, but attractive delineations, the more particular circumstances of his rambles, ever since his flight; and by the naiveté, with which he never fails to hit off his descriptions, continues to transplant one, now to this, and then to the other region, while he is unfolding a life fertile in the most extraordinary incidents and adventures. The Rector and Alvina, almost always participate in these recreations, and protracted as they are, sometimes till late in the evening, the loquacious interlocutor, stocked with such rich and interesting matter, has not in the least to complain of weariness or want of attention in his hearers.

But, on the other hand, he seeks most carefully and studiously to avoid even the slightest allusion to the occurrences whence originated his flight from the paternal roof, and the subject of our earlier acquaintance, as well as the relation of those days, have, hitherto been touched upon by us cursorily, and in general terms only; for whenever an expression bearing on those reminiscences escapes him by accident, he stops short, as if seized with inward horror, and tries to interpose any other topic that comes foremost in his mind. I am very much inclined to think, that he is accusing himself of having, by his abrupt absconding, and his father's consequent grief and distress, contributed, in the first instance, to the latter's violent end. Can I—dare I quietly let an innocent mind thus labour under a delusion, and destroy its own peace by groundless compunctions? That which the Rector told me in confidence, makes good my conjecture, that Ralph, as well as myself, had, on the eventful afternoon, been a hidden witness to the violent altercation between the Count and his own father, near the blackthorn hedge. Frightened at the substance of it, he determined to elude the vengeance of the incensed Lord, by the instantaneous execution of a desperate thought. Accordingly, while the eruption of the Count's ire was continuing to fulminate with unabated fury, he hastened home, collected in a hurry a few articles indispensably necessary for his purpose, escaped with his small bundle through a back door, and directing his steps to the nearest forest was not heard of again.

G***, May, 1815.

I have yet to inform you, dear Wallner, that I am now diligently endeavouring, with the help of useful books, borrowed of the Rector, to master the rudiments of practical husbandry, as I

intend that to be my chief employment for the future. Indeed, I am of opinion, that a profession which keeps the body in constant exercise, and from its simple and uniform application to the primary productions of nature only, precludes all temptation to the intellect of bewildering itself in fanciful and subtle theories—is best adapted to the state of my mind. Accordingly, I am devoting every moment I can wrest from my intercourse from Alvina, to the attaining of my purpose; that is, not to be altogether a novice, when I come to carry my fixed plan into execution.

What say you to the acquisition of an extensive farm, well shaded by venerable oaks and elms; with a limpid trout stream on one side, a large orchard and kitchen garden on the other, and combining with the high fertility of the soil, a romantic and salubrious situation? Such an one there is about six leagues from here, advertising for moneyed speculators, as the present proprietor wants to part with it, and take one on a larger scale. Now, as it has this long time been my wish to possess property of that kind, all my thoughts and devices are bent upon its speedy accomplishment. Indeed, if happiness is yet to smile on me, in this world, an inward voice tells me it can be only there, amid the new chosen pursuit only; and so my heart is already revelling with imaginary delight on the golden dreams, which I am not without hopes nor without a prospect of realising.—Oh, how I will make personal toil an indispensable duty, and punctually sally forth with the lark to my independent and unincumbered acres, to acquit myself industriously and honestly in the sweat of my day's work!—Then returning home from labour at noontide, with the remunerating consciousness of a faithful attendance to my vocation, how I shall accelerate my steps in proportion as I am nearing the comfortable roof, beneath which an affectionate wife awaits my coming, and jocund children, in the full glow and spring of health run to meet me with glad shouts; and the mother of those children is—Alvina. How the afternoon shall be devoted to the less toilsome cultivation of the garden, and the evening, with its smiles inviting to repose and relaxation, shall gather the circle of my dear ones around me, at the house-door beneath the venerable elm, whose leafy dome of fragrant verdure shelters the patriarchal seat.—In front of me, the spacious court-yard garnished with the implements of agriculture, and on either side the messuages with their neat brick walls and bright windows. To the right, the garden and its enamelled fore-ground

arrest the roving eye ; to the left, the silvery stream is heard to patter its course over the smooth pebbles. How industry from our own cheerful choice, domestic habits without satiety, plain contentment without worldly cares, are preparing a lot which anticipates a heaven on earth to those who are to share it ! Great Lord and Arbitrator of human destinies, a terrestrial paradise is about to open itself to me, but beguiled though I am by the magic of hope, have I a just claim to such a superlative degree of prosperity and bliss ?

There is not the least doubt on my mind, as to the answer I have to expect from your candour on this question of mine ; and therefore can tell you, that Alvina, too, is already privy to my project, that she fully approves of it, and looking no less eagerly than myself for the moment when her foster-father's and benefactor's blessings shall unite us in indissoluble bonds, is determined to share with me the destinies of my future life. In the eyes of heaven, therefore, she is my betrothed 'bride already ; and if I still feel some hesitation to ask her hand of her friends in a formal and regular manner, I can account for it by the very natural reason, that I have not as yet been able to come to a final settlement respecting the purchase deed of the farm. It is however to be hoped, that all impediments in the way of that transaction, will be completely removed in the course of a few weeks, and your scrupulous friend sufficiently encouraged, to immediately venture to take the next, yet more eventful step.

G***, May, 1815.

INDEED, dearest Wallner, you carry your apprehensions beyond the bounds of reason and justice, in exhorting me with anxious zeal, to beware of all confidential openness with Alvina's brother, as to a certain fact. Led away, perhaps, by first impressions, I may have presented him to you in too favourable a light ; but now that I have got better acquainted with him, and have had ample opportunity of observing him more closely, I can, with the firmest assurance, pronounce him a noble and worthy fellow, who unites to the most rigid principles of honor and integrity, such fine and cultivated feelings, as one would hardly expect in a warrior who has passed the greatest part of his youth in garrisons and in camps. He means me well ; I have the strongest proofs that he is sincerely devoted to me, and this very conviction of mine, has already had such a salutary effect on Alvina's mind, that prevailed upon by my precept and example, she too strives

to get the better of former prepossessions, and attaches herself to him with greater tenderness and familiarity. Ever since this more intimate approximation, he exercises, by means of the inflexible firmness and decision of his character, an unlimited influence over her though not the least symptom of secret dislike accompanies any longer the sense of submissive devotion, with which she strives, with encreasing attention and solicitude, to anticipate his most latent wishes.

As yet, Ralph has not, to my knowledge, made any more particular enquiry as to my situation in life, and pecuniary circumstances. However, he knows my intention of settling in these parts. My partiality to his sister, though I never spoke to him about the matter, he also seems to surmise, and unless every thing deceives me, to tacitly approve of. Of a man, therefore, who, although very far from being thoughtless or supine, continues to observe so modest a neutrality in matters in which he has an incontestable right to interfere; I prithee, what hostility or opposition is there to be apprehended, were I even inclined to unfold to him, with the most implicit frankness, the innermost recesses of my heart?

To judge from the signs and meteors which begin to shew themselves again on the political firmament, it is possible, and even probable, that Ralph's stay with us will be shorter than he himself calculated on his arrival. As the recommencement of a sanguinary war seems to be no longer a matter of doubt, his profession will summon him away abruptly, and who can tell, if not for ever?—Heaven knows, how gladly I would have shared my all with the brother of my Alvina!

May, 1815.

I am just returned along with the Rector, Ralph, and Alvina, from a pleasurable excursion, or rather a journey of inspection, on which we set out this morning to the farm. When we had, at length, made good the road leading to it, through a country full of animation and interchange of hill and dale, and came in sight of the smiling domain, my fluttering heart longed with impatience for my companions' opinions of the judgment and taste of my selection. The business for which this journey, in the first instance, was intended, took up more than two hours. The rector went over every inch of ground, accompanied by the proprietor, pried, with the scrutinising eye of a connoisseur, into every nook and

corner, fixed his particular attention now on this, and then on the other object, and plied his cicerone with an interminable string of questions, in order to arrive at an accurate knowledge and estimate of every thing, from the most essential to the most trifling ; while Ralph, having taken a hasty and superficial view of the whole, signified his approbation, then left us and seated himself on a block of granite, by the river side, where, immersed in deep thought, his eyes pursued the dallying of the wavelets. Alvina seemed to be strangely affected, starting tears accompanied the smile with which she turned her face to me, when in a whisper I asked her opinion, and all her answer was a gentle pressure of the hand. We too separated ourselves from the busily-inspecting Rector, and proceeded, arm in arm, and rapt in silence to the garden. A bower of

“ . . . Laburnum, rich
In streaming gold ; Syringa, iv'ry pure” *

after a short ramble sheltered us in its secluding shade.

“ Now, Alvina,” I said, breaking a long silence, “ give me candidly your opinion, do you like this place ? think you, you can spend a happy life here ? ”

“ Can there be any longer occasion for words, dear Felseck,” she replied, “ to explain to you what made me so serious and thoughtful at the sight of this residence ? Its beauties and advantages far surpass my utmost expectations. But when you come to consider with me, that it is the abode which is to receive me in its bosom, and to become a constant witness of my future destinies, can you blame me that, instead of entirely giving myself up to joy, I leave room for reflection ? The impending change and transition——”

Here she paused and pressed her burning cheek with considerable emotion to my breast.

“ How can I mistake or wrongly construe a feeling as exquisite as it is natural ? ” I cried, “ you are on the point of removing from a place, to which you are riveted by inclination and gratitude ; a place where you passed your youth cheerfully and serenely, where you knew yourself most tenderly beloved, and where the consciousness of protection and permanent well-being became delightfully habitual to you. Nay, sweet girl, were it possible that my esteem for you could still admit of encrease, I would

* Cowper ; Task.

held you all the dearer for this attachment to the paternal roof. However, if the fondest affection, combined with unremitting assiduity to consolidate your comfort and and happiness, are able to afford you some compensation, you will never have cause to remember with embittered feelings the sacrifice you have made me."

"No, no, that is not altogether the right construction," she replied in a tone of slight disappointment. "The ties by which I feel myself bound to my present abode, are not quite so indissoluble, that on their account I should lose sight of the destination of woman. I know she is to follow the man she loves whithersoever fate chooses to transplant him; and, accordingly, you, who are dearer to my soul than any other being on earth, shall find in me a faithful and inseparable companion: yes, Felseck," she continued, as she twined her arms round my neck, and her face, beaming with angelic smiles, came so near to my own, that her balmy breath caressed my cheeks. "Yes, Felseck, I will become your wife, I will love you with the full fervency of my heart, and my solicitude shall never cease to find its sweetest employment in making you happy."

Fanned by the enchanting and perfumed air of spring, embowered in blossoms and flowers, the loveliest of women in my arms, and the rapturous sensation of gratified hopes in my breast, can there possibly be a higher degree of delight and felicity within the reach of mortal? In this vertigo of pleasure it was as much as I could do to preserve sufficient composure, and find utterance and expression for a prospectus of the mode of living I intend to adopt here, and which, in the inspiration of the moment, I could not refrain from imparting to my sweet and docile auditor.

"No, dearest," she interrupted me with lively earnestness, when I came to mention, that I would, first of all, make it my business to procure her a select and agreeable visiting connexion amongst the gentry of the neighbourhood. "No, if your principles tally at all with mine, if you behold things under the same aspect as I do, you will not make the pleasures and entertainments of general society such an essential item in the diurnal division of our time, but rather prefer to live as quiet and retired as possible, for each other only. On this charming estate, so lavishly endowed by nature, the mutual satisfaction emanating

from our own hearts, will be quite adequate to give zest and variety to our happiness ; while by a steady adherence to our present sentiments, we are continuing all sufficient to ourselves, we shall not feel the want of those numerous and noisy assemblies, nor be deprived of superior and purer enjoyments, as long as love and confidence shall continue to prevail amongst us. Mind, Felseck, faithful love, and implicit, boundless confidence."

At the last sentence, repeated with such powerful emphasis, a sudden terror, like an electric shock, thrilled my heart's core. I felt my cheeks suffused with a glow kindled by unhallowed fire ; my staring eyes were fixed on the massy foliage which hid us from our companions, when I heard the garden-gate creak on its hinges, and, the next minute, Ralph was standing before us. "Why you are sneaking about in the bushes, as if you had no good consciences, or were in love," he called out to us, screwing up his features to something like a smile. "There the old dominie is still groping and prying in every nook and corner, and leisurely quaffs, drop by drop, the pleasure of admiration, which a son of nature like myself tosses off at one draught, at sight of this estate. Indeed, Felseck," he continued, joining us in our walk over the remainder of the extensive garden, "this place is so very pretty and inviting, that I could almost be tempted to give over soldiering for good, become your lodger, and enjoy as quiet and easy a life as we could possibly manage to lead together."

"Ah! if you could make up your mind to that, Captain, I should have nothing left to wish for next." I cried with unfeigned sincerity.

"Well, well," said he, throwing at Alvina a glance strongly indicative of inward deliberation, "there is no knowing what may happen. Many a true word is spoken in jest. The taste for the wild and gipsy life, that savage economy without a hovel to creep in, that restless rambling from one part of the world to another, as I have often felt and declared, positively cannot endure on the long run. Surely, an honest fellow, that has undergone the privations and hardships of war in the north and in the south, will not be thought the worse of for feeling at length a longing after a fixed and certain abode, and for conceiving a serious intention of withdrawing from the noise of drums, and the clangor of arms, to the quiet cottage, there to exchange the sword for the plough-share, to cultivate corn-fields, instead of

rooting them up with the horses' hoofs, or even for indulgence in romantic idleness, and turning, in his very old age, Arcadian shepherd.

"E la vita passando in festa e 'n gioco,
Farei la state all'ombra, e 'l verno al foco."*

"O, dear, yes! try it brother," Alvina cried with playful hardihood and familiarity, such as she had never dared to assume with him before: "do try it. Throw aside the implement of carnage, take up the peaceful shepherd's crook, and be assured that heaven ere long will throw into your way, some Daphnis or Chloe to complete the appurtenances of your profession. What a glorious sight it will be for me to behold my brother at the brow of a hill

"Supine and careless laid
Beneath the beechen shade."

in his pastoral costume with smart silken loops, gay coloured ribands flowing down his hat; his lambkins disposed around him in picturesque groups; himself now playing on the pandean pipe; then, again, inspired by the ardour of his tender feelings, burst forth in a soft elegy on the cruelty of his coy mistress. Truly it will be a spectacle, to purchase which, I should think no price too high."

The veteran looked with pleasure and astonishment at the flippancy, who in the air and tenour of this sally, so entirely departed from her accustomed mode of expression. They went on awhile, bantering and rallying each other on the subject, before the conversation resumed a serious turn. But my spirits were again heavy and depressed. The last words Alvina addressed to me, previous to her brother's appearance, burst like a harsh dissonance on the enthusiastic overflow of my most exquisite feelings, to soften which I reflected in vain on the gratifying incidents in which those words originated. Heaven, which, but a few minutes before, had smiled so refulgent and serene upon me, now seemed to darken more and more to my exploring glances; the air I breathed to thicken, grow big with tempests, and spread a drooping languor on the surrounding vegetation; while, of all the thoughts and conceptions which crossed my brain in a wild promiscuous throng, the only one I could keep hold of with something like distinct clearness, was the persuasion, that I should feel relieved, at once, and ever after, if

* Guarini. Pastor fido. Atto primo.

I could come to a resolution of unburthening my aching bosom to Ralph and Alvina, and allow them the free range of my secret loaden breast.

Is it not obvious to you now, Wallner, that, possessed though I am of means adequate to ensure the highest degree of earthly felicity, true and unalloyed enjoyment will never be my portion? The serpent will still be lurking amongst the flowers, will still poison the most exquisite moments of my existence, and with sneering hisses remind me, that early in life already, I have fooled away that invaluable right to sweet self-satisfaction, which a pure conscience alone can yield.

At dinner, to which we sat down beneath the shade of a huge elm-tree, I had to keep strict watch on myself, not to mar by capriciousness and cross humour, the temperate hilarity with which that rural banquet inspired my companions, and during the walk which we took in the adjoining fields, in the afternoon, I found it a no less difficult task, to collect my thoughts, so as to be able to give rational and becoming answers to the questions addressed to me by the rector, who now began to lay before me a diffuse and systematical exposé of his opinions, resulting from a survey taken with the zeal of a friend and the method of a practical judge.

For the rest, the purchase of the farm may be considered as definitively decided upon; and as a handful of ducats more or less is positively no object to me, every thing, by this time, would have been completely arranged, had I not left the closing of the bargain to the rector, who not used to over hurry himself in any business, in the despatching of this, proceeds with a degree of wariness and circumspection not much better than downright haggling.

But time has flown on rapidly amid the noting of this day's occurrences. The hour of midnight has gone by a good while; every thing around me is wrapt in quiet and profound sleep, interrupted only by the wing clap of the owl-butterfly, which, attracted by the glare of my lamp, comes now and then fluttering against the window panes. Your eye-lids too, dear Wallner, sleep has sealed, and the image and fortunes of your absent friend are perhaps flitting in illusive visions before your soul, whilst, in wakeful solicitude, he is communing with you, and does not know how more appropriately to conclude his letter, than by wishing, that in the slumbers of the night, as well as in the pursuits of day, the peace of heaven may with invariable constancy be with you.

G***, May, 1815.

THE agents of despair have been busy with me ; they have driven me out of paradise, and thrown me again on the wide world. You were right enough, Wallner ; through acting contrary to your monitory hints I have lost all, lost all, irretrievably and irrevocably. In a cabin of a wretched village public-house, poisoned by the pestiferous effluvia from the adjoining tap-room, and stunned by the boisterous mirth of intoxicated boors, with a bleeding heart, and a trembling hand, I am labouring to trace these lines.—Oh, unfortunate being that I am !—But I will bid defiance to myself, I will discipline my feelings with iron stubbornness of will, and as I have essayed, heretofore, to describe to you, with unvarnished truth, the transports of a heart blessed with prosperous love, so shall the unparalleled woe of one filled with blank despair appear before your eyes in equally faithful, but more appalling characters.—Now hear how it came to pass.

Ralph and myself were chatting together in the elder-alcove in the garden. It was towards evening, and none else near us. Alvina was occupied in the interior of the house getting ready the bever for the servants, and the Rector was in his study, pondering over a text, on which he had been requested to preach a funeral sermon. I never saw Ralph more unreserved, more communicative and social. He described to me, in phrases of intense feeling, a love connexion that had existed between him and a fair Castilian, drew forth from his bosom a lock of dark hair, carefully preserved, and having given me to understand, that its former owner has been reposing in her grave long since, he dropped into deep and sorrowful meditation. The generous confidence with which he opened his heart to me, also unlocked mine. I began to talk of the footing, on which I was with his sister, and avowed that the want of landed property was the only reason why I had not come to an explanation with him sooner. He listened to me with great attention, although I could read on his countenance, that I was telling him no news ; but, at the same time, I fancied an enquiry hung on his lips, both as to the means I had at my command for purchasing the estate in question, and also for securing to ourselves a permanent competency. Accordingly, I felt no hesitation in saying to him, that what with the fortune inherited by my mother some twelve years ago, and more especially, with the considerable legacy lately bequeathed

to me by the count, I thought myself fully adequate to an undertaking of that kind. He tendered me his hand, with an air of cordial satisfaction, and notwithstanding the unpleasant sensation, which at the mentioning of the count's name ruffled the serenity of his countenance, in every other respect, the best understanding prevailed between us.

"I am heartily obliged to you, dear Felseck, for the confidence you have placed in me," said he; "and I can return it only, by assuring you, that I inwardly gratulated my sister, long ago, on her union with so worthy a man. There is no doubt, that you two will lead as contented and conjugal a life, as persons whose principles and sentiments, like yours, are in perfect unison, seldom fail to do. Nor am I, whatever others may think of me, by any means insensible to the pleasures of rural nature; and the conversation we had yesterday, in the garden at the farm, at this moment recurs most vividly to my recollection. Indeed, that would be the happiest day of my life, on which I could settle with you, and say, 'Here I am.' Have you still a mind to take under your roof, for the remainder of his days, a soldier tired of his profession, and allow him a corner by your fire-side?"

He had not quite finished his address, when, all at once, the soothing strains of a Nightingale, bursting forth at a distance in the direction of the churchyard, mingled with the sound of his words. This incident, which seemed to me to convey a solemn and admonitory call, produced a deep emotion in my soul, greatly excited as it was already, though this time not accompanied either by anguish or terror.

"Captain," I began, after having mustered as much firmness as was in my power; "before we dilate any further on the ideas you have just now been expressing, let us mutually settle, and put for ever at rest, a point, which throws a dark shade on the friendly intimacy that has arisen between us. There is a secret weighing on my mind, which I must not, nay, cannot, for the sake of my own peace and happiness, withhold any longer from you, with whom I am on the eve of entering into the more intimate bonds of fraternity."

"A secret?" he said, fixing his scrutinizing looks on my countenance, and drawing nearer to me in keen suspense.

"That which I have to disclose to you," I proceeded with increasing agitation, "has for these sixteen years, been the most implacable foe to my peace, and an inexhaustible source of the

fiercest mental anguish. Let us now, as men, calmly and dispassionately canvass an action, which, though coeval with my earliest boyhood, still asserts, by the indelible recollection of its results, a most serious influence on my life. It was I then—I, and no other, who on that unlucky afternoon, with your own cross-bow, shot the Nightingale in the garden of the Chateau.

“What—you!” the astounded Ralph, pale and trembling, exclaimed, “and my father, my poor father—then you might—?”

“I certainly might have saved him,” I said, interrupting his exclamation. “Captain, you shall know all. I kept myself concealed close by, where I heard the Count abuse the innocent man, and overwhelm him with furious threats. Shame and compunction made my heart quake within me; but instead of coming forth from my hiding place, making a candid confession of my guilt, and submitting to condign punishment, I pusillanimously scampered away, reckless of the consequences, and did not return to the Chateau till late in the evening.—The following morning the lifeless victim of my inconsiderateness was draw out of the stream.”

A deep crimson overspread the infuriated soldier's face. “Wretch!” he roared, starting from his seat and foaming with rage. “Inconsiderateness do you call the malicious, infamous villany you have committed! And dare you aspire to the hand of her whose father you have murdered? Curse on thee, for a shameless hypocrite!”

At this moment, Alvina, who had heard the vociferation, appeared at the entrance of the alcove, the very picture of terror and dismay, but the brother rushed upon the astounded maid with the wild impetuosity of an irritated tiger. “Get thee gone, unhappy wretch!” he cried, “get thee gone! you have no longer any business here, for sooner would I run my sword through your body, than allow you to have any further commerce with him, with the murderer of our father.”

Reading the confirmation of the awful charge on my countenance, the shuddering girl averted her eyes, now overcast with night, from me, a deadly paleness spread over her cheeks, and she fell senseless to the earth. The enraged avenger of blood, twined with vehement agility, his muscular arms round her delicate waist, lifted the unconscious one, who drooped her head like a bruised flower, up to him, and carried her across the garden, towards the house.

After a little while, I too left my seat. My thoughts and feelings seemed to be in a state of stubborn insensibility verging on extinction, and the consciousness I retained of the dreadful scene was just sufficient to ascertain my own identity. Dizzy and reeling, like one convalescent of a fever the first time he tries again his dubious steps, enfeebled by a protracted bed of sickness, I tottered out of the garden gate towards my lodging.

A few hours afterwards, just as I was busy packing up some letters and papers of consequence, somebody knocked at the door of my apartment, and the Rector entered.

"Where was your guardian angel, Felseck, when you suffered yourself to be enticed to this ill-advised and mischievous confession?" he called out to me; "unfortunate man, what have you been doing?"

"I could not help it," I replied; "I could not forbear unbosoming my oppressed heart to him also. A mysterious power, which I was not able to resist, impelled and forced me to it. I have only consummated that which it was not in my power to refrain from. The result of my communication has certainly turned out differently from what I expected."

"And every prospect of a restoration of the former good understanding seems to be lost for ever;" he continued, "Alvina is struggling with herself, amidst the most distressing mental anguish, while her ire-fraught brother, who in his rage refuses all remonstrance, goes about venting dire imprecations."

"That which transpired in Alvina's looks, while she listened to my crime," I rejoined, "is a sufficient guarantee to me that time will assuage her grief, and that she will make up her mind by degrees to the loss she has sustained. As to Ralph, let him moderate his passionate impetuosity. Now that he has branded me with the stigma of contempt and infamy he need not fear that it will ever enter into my thoughts to annoy him with groveling importunities; on the contrary, I shall take care that my hateful person shall never cross his way again."

"Every thing here, I see, indicates the intention of a speedy departure," the Rector said in a dejected tone.

"You are right in your conjecture, my kind, my paternal friend," I replied; "you are sensible nothing must detain me here. I therefore intend leaving the village before night sets in."

"Good God of heaven what a melancholy alteration is here!" exclaimed the old man, as he was stepping to the window, folding

his hands on his breast, shaking his hoary head despondingly, and then beginning to lose himself in sorrowful meditation. At the expiration of a few minutes he left his station, approached me, and clasped me to his breast, weeping aloud. "Felseck," he said, "I will not annoy you with reproaches for the manner in which you have this day so recklessly counteracted the accomplishment of all your designs; nor will I attempt to dissuade you from the resolution, which is the sad result of that hasty conduct, only promise me not to remove too far away from here, and that you will speedily acquaint me by letter with the place of your residence."

Here he paused, and viewed me with enquiring looks, waiting for my answer; with a silent nod, I signified my compliance with his request.

"In the interim," he resumed, "I will do all that lies in my power, to operate in your behalf, and, if possible, to adjust matters again; and directly I have succeeded, you shall hear from me. Nay do not fix your looks on the ground so incredulously; on the return of calm reflection, attention to the mediatory urgings of a well meaning friend will succeed the hurricane of passion, and, oh, the joy it would afford me, if I should soon, very soon, be able to forward to you glad tidings of the happy termination of my endeavours!"

On this he took leave of me with marks of the deepest emotion and sorrow. As soon as he was gone, I consigned to the landlord's care my travelling carriage, together with all my luggage, under the pretext that an excursion across the country would keep me absent for an indefinite period of time; then put the above mentioned papers of consequence in my pocket, and when evening began to approach I left the village at a quick pace

This is the history of my misfortune, which I have tried to relate to you as strictly and accurately as my faculties would admit. I am far from presuming to pronounce the humiliations I have received uncalled for and unjust, or to doggedly maintain that I have been chastised over much. Yet my lot is not the less hard on that account, and the human feeling quails at the surmise that fate quietly lets the guilt-loaden villain intoxicate himself with the cup of pleasure, in order that it may ingraft upon returning sobriety the agonies of death; that it cajoles his soul with conceits of the sweetest gain, on purpose to render the abrupt loss the more poignant; that it leads him on, step by step, to the zenith

of prosperity to hurl him, with the more frightful suddenness, down into the abyss of woe—or, do you imagine, that it depended on my own option to avert the disaster which broke over my head, and that I should have been happy, had I continued to observe obscure silence? Never; my hopes and projects had at length arrived at the goal, where the flattering conceits of imagination could no longer stand their ground, against the fiercer powers that battled against them. Had I carried my refractoriness to the admonitions of conscience to the utmost length, and led Alvina to the altar, the sound of the organ would have shaken my ears like a peal of thunder, the minister's blessing, like an anathema, and consternation and dismay would have wrung from me a confession, which I refused to make of my own accord. So true is it, that the breast infected with guilt serves vengeance as a vessel wherein to concoct a corroding and destructive poison, which effervesces, and, when the hour is come, overflows.

Do you ask, whither I intend to turn, now that life's sweetest hopes have deserted me?—Why, my friend, to a region where better and fairer hopes beckon me, hopes which neither life can give, nor death take away.

From this time forward, the papers and documents relative to my personal property, will no longer be safe in my hands. I transmit them to you, in the annexed sealed envelope, authorizing you, at the same time, to break the seals for the purpose of referring to an accompanying sheet, for instructions for the dispositions you will have to execute, should you receive no intelligence from me, in four months from this day, which, however, I hope will not be the case. I do not intend to comply with the Rector's wishes, for should he even succeed in accomplishing his views, tending to peace and reconciliation, I could never appear again before the undeceived ones, without justifying the opprobrious and degrading epithets Ralph bestowed on me at our last meeting. Alvina is lost to me.—My breast is ready to burst asunder; the blood freezes in my veins; my soul writhes with spasms of despair at the dreadful thought—but amidst the billows of conflicting emotions, the conviction that Alvina is lost to me stands fast and imperturbable.

Flying Lazaretto, 20th June, 1815.

REJOICE with me, my dearest friend, the sun of life is beginning to rise on me. I have found, what, two years ago, adverse fate

made me seek in vain in a similar way. But be composed, and stagger not at recognizing your friend, although the lines you read, flown from a strange pen. Ere yet they meet your eye I shall be embowered in the sheltering peace of the tomb. Already my limbs begin to forget their cunning, and refuse their wonted offices to the director within. My body longs to get to rest, and to enjoy undisturbed sleep. Oh, Wallner, a most enviable and honourable end will be my portion. I fell gloriously in victorious battle. The day's work was almost got through, when in our pursuit of the flying enemy, a cannon-ball carried away my left thigh, and I was conveyed senseless to this place. To survive is out of the question; but the arbiter of my fate has mercifully granted me this short respite, and along with it, spirits cheerful to a degree, such as never fell to my share before,—no, not in Alvina's arms. My guilt is cancelled; I know it by the calm and contented mind, with which I am on the point of passing into eternity, and appearing before the judge of all. After a voluntary denial of all earthly advantages, after a sacrifice of person and life, a view of the open portal of the grave yields that which neither my own subtilizing reason, nor the pious consolations of religion were able to afford.

Mourn not for me, refrain from idly lamenting a friend, who is about to terminate his thorny career, and has gained the palm of eternal beatitude. One step more, and it will receive me in its refreshing shade. I belong to another world; I perceive the boundary-line drawn behind me, and look back at the forms, and images of closed existence, with the unconcernedness of one departed; even the brightest point that meets mine eyes, has no power to excite in me selfish regret, or envious cravings. The beautiful farm encircled by verdant foliage and yellow cornfields, is indeed still before my eyes; the setting sun is still shedding its receding rays on the red brick gable; the western breeze is still rustling through the old elms; the brook still murmurs slowly, and the garden invites to its cool walks and alcoves. A delightful thought certainly it was to dwell there with my beloved one, to share with her the possession of that fine domain, and be indissolubly united—but it only becomes more and more evident to me, that the enjoyment of her smiling presence would have yielded me no compensation for the pangs of tormenting recollections; and for a happiness so precarious, as under those circumstances mine must have been, I would not barter the approaching emancipation,

of which I already feel the salutary effects ; the emancipation from a deplorable fatality entailed upon me by a bleeding breast.

In one of my former letters, ere yet the sweetest earthly dream that could possibly fall to the share of a mortal had unfolded its enchanting images to my senses, I called myself a dying person, deliberating on the willing of bequests long and maturely considered. Those you will find set forth and specified in the sealed packet which accompanied my last letter. No doubt you will easily guess that it is Alvina whom I have named sole heiress to my fortune. The execution of that resolve, which, by the bye, I had taken even before ever I thought of forming a more intimate acquaintance with her, becomes doubly incumbent on me, as I must now also think of making her the only amends for the mortifying vexation of her disappointed heart, which, under the present altered circumstances, is still in my power. I know perfectly well, that constant and pressing business takes up all your time, yet I commit the management of this transaction to your care. No, you will not be angry with me on that account ; of the heavy sum of services, which, for a series of years, I have been drawing on your obliging friendship, this will be the last and most important. Much of that which the world is in the habit of extolling and idolizing with rapturous enthusiasm has lost its mock splendour with me, while the recollection of our friendship will accompany me with the glorified smile of an angel, to the deep and dark sleeping-chamber I am about to enter. Ah, can the delightful sensation, which, in conjunction with the most blissful hopes, so predominantly manifests itself within me, depend on stability in this world of apparitions below ?—Wallner, we shall meet again, to love each other. See that Alvina receive my greeting.—Peace be with thee, and thine.

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THE impression which the contents of these letters made on my mind was too perturbing to admit of my consigning myself quietly to sleep after their perusal. Accordingly, I stayed up the remainder of the night, sat down at the open window, and gazed with silent gravity at darkness, while the fate of a friend, of whose failing hardly one of my readers will judge with the severity with which he himself regarded it, afforded me ample

food for meditation. Day at length broke, and the first rays of rising sun had scarcely begun to illumine the neighbouring houses, when Wallner, punctual to his promise of the night before, already made his appearance.

"And so he is dead, really dead?" I called out to him, with a degree of anxiety, which must have sufficiently convinced him how tenaciously I clung to the possibility of the reverse.

"Alas! the certificates transmitted to me, signed and sealed by the proper authorities, place his death beyond doubt." he replied, "On the day following the departure of his last letter, he reached his goal, and gently and calmly expired.—Peace be with his ashes! He was a noble minded mortal, and deserved a better fate,—would you believe that the dire fatality which pursued him through life exerts its baleful effects even on the testamentary dispositions he has left behind?"

"I can easily imagine," I said, "that Alvina's brother will now, with haughtiness and obstinacy, oppose the last wishes of the deceased, in the same way as with fierce impetuosity he marred the union of the lovers."

"I have exerted myself to the utmost to move him to milder and more yielding sentiments, but in vain. He persists in the assertion, that, situated as they are, the accepting of such a bequest is incompatible with the rules of honour and propriety. 'If my sister,' such is his ultimatum, 'if my sister suffer herself to be prevailed upon to appropriate out of Felseck's property the value of a single farthing, I shall look upon her as a worthless, dissimulating being, and she has seen my face for the last time.' Alvina, who since the separation from her lover, seems to have become utterly indifferent to any thing that fate can henceforth confer on her, or rob her of, submits to her brother's iron will with that apathetic and gloomy resignation, from which one is unable to conclude either a concurring or a dissenting judgment of the inward mind.

"The Rector, who at first made common cause with me, tired of fruitless arguing and counter-arguing, has now entirely withdrawn himself from the contest. Under those circumstances, nothing, alas! remains to me, but to extend my journey to M***, in search of some distant and respectable relations of our late friend, and transmit to them the whole amount of the property, to divide it between themselves, in any way they may think proper."

We therefore left the Inn, and took a stroll in the bracing

morning air, about the village and its environs. Not a single spot mentioned in Felseck's letters, that we did not visit. We fancied ourselves ocular witnesses to what the deceased had experienced of anguish and delight, during the three months he sojourned there, and many a tear we devoted to his memory. But towards noon, as I was setting out to proceed on my journey, Wallner saw me as far as an adjacent eminence which lay in my route. On reaching the summit, the village and vicinity once more presented itself to the retrospective eye. To the left, the neglected park of the chateau; to the right, the churchyard, and adjoining it, the parsonage, with the garden belonging to it, in the centre alley of which we perceived the figure of a female solitarily walking with lingering steps, and her head reclining on her breast. "It is Alvina," said Wallner, "the passive slave of of her fiercely proud brother, for whom, however, we may be displeased with him, we cannot help feeling a degree of respect." We yet awhile contemplated the mourner with mute attention. The last farewell at length burst from our lips, we shook hands, and separated with tearful eyes and heavy hearts.

DRESS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A GERMAN traveller, who visited England during the reign of Elizabeth, gives a minute description of the dress of the "maiden queen." "She had," he says, "in her ears two very rich pearls, with drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to have been made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg-table; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it, till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels: her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along, in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, (whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons) in English, French, and Italian; for, besides being well skilled in Greek and Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch."

WANDERINGS IN FRANCE.—No. III.

A COUNTRY VILLA.

At about six leagues distance from Paris, at the corner of a cross road, an elegant iron gate discovers a house of simple and tasteful appearance; it seemed to be inhabited; for a woman who perceived us invited us to walk in, as it might give us pleasure to look at the gardens.

Grass plots kept in that order which gave to them the softness and appearance of velvet, walks planted with trees, and tufted arbours, excited our attention and admiration. A peculiar taste reigned through the whole distribution of the garden; it was not one of those flower gardens in which are often found a river without water, a Chinese bridge without any use, and a belvidere without a prospect; nothing here offended against truth; and many an English nobleman could desire nothing better than this charming domain in the environs of Paris.

Who could be the owner whose skill laid out the plan of these gardens? Was he some courtier, disgraced amidst the torturing fluctuations of politics, who now found leisure to devote himself to the pleasurable labours of rural life? Here we could trace a poet, a philosopher, a lover of nature, if a possession like this could be the lot of them, for they are in general proverbially poor. Whoever he might be, his imagination was rich and exalted, his taste exquisite, appreciating justly the beauties of nature.

As we were making these remarks to each other, we met at the corner of one of the walks, the female who had asked us in; she soon satisfied our curiosity; "you are at Brunoy," said she, "this property belonged to M. Talma, in whose service I have lived twelve years."

At this name, we felt a sentiment of admiration kindle in our minds. Every object around us seemed animated, and we were desirous of going again through those shady walks where the genius of this great tragedian had, no doubt, received inspiration; after his memory had made the expressions of human passions his own, it was here, he clothed them in that accent which proceeds from a soul impressed with the keenest sensibility; under these trees he had studied that Roman grandeur he so well personated on the stage, the cares of royalty, the terrors of guilt, and those mournful and striking agitations, of which he has so often presented a faithful picture to an admiring audience.

I hastened on, before my fellow travellers, and alone, I wandered through an allée, into which the thickness of the foliage, prevented the rays of the sun from penetrating: it seemed to me as if the shades of the illustrious personages whom Talma had so often invoked, hovered round me. Full of these reveries, I perceived not that my friends were so near me: a lady patting me on the shoulder caused all these phantoms of imagination to vanish, with which I had peopled the gardens of Brunoy.

Our guide gave us some details concerning her former master; she spoke of him with interest, and with a tenderness which excited our emotions. A tear stood in her eye when she related the manner of his death. There is no funeral oration that can be half so valuable as a simple eulogium from the lips of a faithful servant, and we felt assured that he must have been a good master whose loss can inspire such artless expressions of regret.

"He was unsuspecting and benevolent," said she, "he would very often come and talk with us; and when we were at dinner, if he liked what we had, he would sit down with us. He would often repeat to us, 'you are very happy; you can eat when you are hungry; as for us, we lose all our appetite while a great dinner is getting ready.' Ah, his kindness of heart was inexhaustible! He had purchased a house to join to his park; and there he put in the old nurses of his children; he next placed there one of his friends: he was good to every creature in the village; think, then, if he was not beloved!"

We expressed a wish to see the apartments. "You will find nothing particular there," said she, "M. Talma was not fond of luxury and show; he always said it was enough for a country house to have a good garden, good wine, and a good bed, and not any thing more. You will not find here any of those superfluities which people in town declare they cannot do without, and which they drag along with them into the country."

She spoke of his usual habits. He kept very little company; he was fond of solitude, and often, when his drawing-room was encumbered with a crowd of visitors, he would steal away, to go and walk in one of those allées which he had caused to be made with so much care.

Poor Talma! he died at the moment when he had just put the last finish to that property which he had occupied for many years.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING FOR 1829.

No one can view the present beneficial and honorable rivalry among the "Annuals," without being struck with the conviction, that numerous mines of art and intellect are allowed to remain unworked, because unexplored. The supply seems to create a demand, and it does really appear that there are more complaints respecting the want of patronage than the fact would justify. In 1823 the first Annual, the "Forget Me Not," was published. This was followed, in 1824, by "Friendship's Offering. In 1825, the "Literary Souvenir" appeared, and the "Amulet" succeeded in 1826. The competition which was created was of essential service to one and all; and enterprising publishers thought, not unwisely we hope, that there was room for others. Last year witnessed the appearance of the "Keepsake" and the "Bijou;" and in the present season additions have been made to the number of the "Annuals," by the publication of the "Anniversary," and the "Gem."

Whatever may be the result of this to individuals, the public have no occasion to complain. The literary world have been put in requisition: almost every name distinguished for talent has contributed to one or other of these splendid little volumes, and the first artists of the day have laboured to give value to the pictorial department. Though partial to novelty we should not be ungrateful, and while we admire the splendour of the whole, we should not be unmindful of the claims those Annuals have upon us which led the way in the literary market. Last month we briefly noticed the "Forget Me Not," and we now turn with the utmost satisfaction to "Friendship's Offering." This little work exhibits in itself the good effects of honourable competition. Its embellishments are in the first style of art; and certainly the pictorial department loses nothing by being compared with any of its rivals. "Cupid and Psyche," painted by Wood, and engraved by E. Finden, is a perfect gem of art. "Glen Lynden" possess all that sombre sublimity which Mr. Martin knows so well how to give his pictures, but still we cannot help feeling a preference for "Campbell Castle," painted by G. Arnold and engraved by E. Goodall. Amongst the other plates, "Hours of Innocence," by E. Landseer pleases us best, but we shall not attempt to point out its beauties—they will be appreciated when seen.

The list of contributors contains some of the highest names in the literary world; poetry predominates, and the productions of the talented editor, Mr. Pringle, are amongst the best of the poetical pieces. The prose articles are in general excellent: Mr. Banim has furnished a strange kind of story, and Delta and Mrs. Bowdich very pleasing sketches. Miss

Mitford, too, is amongst the contributors, and perhaps we cannot do better than extract her pretty sketch, entitled "Patty's New Hat."

"Wandering about the meadows one morning last May, absorbed in the pastoral beauty of the season and the scenery, I was overtaken by a heavy shower just as I passed old Mrs. Matthews's great farm-house, and forced to run for shelter to her hospitable porch. A pleasant shelter, in good truth, I found there. The green pastures dotted with fine old trees stretching all around; the clear brook winding about them, turning and returning on its course, as if loath to depart; the rude cart-track leading through the ford; the neater pathway with its foot-bridge; the village spire rising amongst a cluster of cottages, all but the roofs and chimneys concealed by a grove of oaks; the woody back ground, and the blue hills in the distance, all so flowery and bowery in the pleasant month of May; the nightingales singing, the bells ringing, and the porch itself, around which a honeysuckle in full bloom was wreathing its sweet flowers, giving out such an odour in the rain, as in dry weather nothing but the twilight will bring forth—an atmosphere of fragrance. The whole porch was alive and musical with bees, who, happy rogues, instead of being routed by the wet, only folded their wings the closer, and dived the deeper into the honey-tubes, enjoying, as it seemed, so good an excuse for creeping still farther within their flowery lodgement. It is hard to say which enjoyed the sweet breath of the shower and the honeysuckles most, the bees or I; but the rain began to drive so fast, that at the end of five minutes I was not sorry to be discovered by a little girl belonging to the family; and, first, ushered into the spacious kitchen, with its heavy oak table, its curtained chimney corner, its bacon-rack loaded with enormous fitches, and its ample dresser, glittering with crockery ware; and, finally, conducted by Mrs. Matthews herself into her own comfortable parlour, and snugly settled there with herself and her eldest grand-daughter, a woman grown; whilst the younger sister, a smiling light-footed lass of eleven, or thereabouts, tripped off to find a boy to convey a message to my family, requesting them to send for me, the rain being too decided to admit of any prospect of my walking home.

"The sort of bustle which my reception had caused having subsided, I found great amusement in watching my hospitable hostess, and listening to a dialogue, if so it may be called, between her pretty grand-daughter and herself, which at once let me into a little love-secret, and gave me an opportunity of observing one, of whose occasional oddities I had all my life heard a great deal.

"Mrs. Matthews one of the most remarkable persons in these parts; a capital farmer, a most intelligent parish officer, and in her domestic government not a little resembling one of the finest sketches which Mr. Crabbe's graphical pen ever produced.

“ ‘Next died the widow Goe, an active dame,
Famed ten miles round and worthy all her fame;
She lost her husband when their loves were young,
But kept her firm, her credit, and her tongue :
Full thirty years she ruled with matchless skill,
With guiding judgment and resistless will;
Advice she scorned, rebellions she suppressed,
And sons and servants bowed at her behest.
No parish business in the place could stir
Without direction or assent from her ;
In turn she took each office as it fell,
Knew all their duties and discharged them well.
She matched both sons and daughters to her mind,
And lent them eyes, for love she heard was blind.’

Parish Register.

“ Great power of body and mind was visible in her robust person and massive countenance ; and there was both humour and good-humour in her acute smile, and in the keen grey eye that glanced under her spectacles. All that she said bore the stamp of sense ; but at this time she was in no talking mood, and on my begging that I might cause no interruption, resumed her seat and her labours in silent composure. She sat at a little table mending a fustian jacket belonging to one of her sons—a sort of masculine job which suited her much better than a more delicate piece of sempstress-ship would probably have done ; indeed the taylor’s needle, which she brandished with great skill, the whity-brown thread tied round her neck, and the huge dull-looking *shears* (one can’t make up one’s mind to call such a machine scissors), which in company with ‘an enormous pin-cushion dangled from her apron-string, figuring as the pendant to a most formidable bunch of keys, formed altogether such a working apparatus as shall hardly be matched in these days of polished cutlery and cobwebby cotton-thread.

“ On the other side of the little table sat her pretty grand-daughter Patty, a black-eyed young woman, with a bright complexion, a neat trim figure, and a general air of gentility considerably above her station. She was trimming a very smart straw hat with pink ribbons ; trimming and untrimming, for the bows were tied and untied, taken off and put on, and taken off again, with a look of impatience and discontent, not common to a damsel of seventeen when contemplating a new piece of finery. The poor little lass was evidently out of sorts. She sighed, and quirked, and fidgetted, and seemed ready to cry ; whilst her grandmother just glanced at her from under her spectacles, pursed up her mouth, and contrived with some difficulty not to laugh. At last Patty spoke.

“ ‘Now, grandmother, you will let me go to Chapel Row revel this afternoon, won’t you?’

" 'Humph,' said Mrs. Matthews.

" 'It hardly rains at all, grandmother !'

" 'Humph !' again said Mrs. Matthews, opening the prodigious scissors with which she was amputating, so to say, a button, and directing the rounded end significantly to my wet shawl, whilst the sharp point was reverted towards the dripping honeysuckle. " 'Humph !'

" 'There's no dirt to signify !'

Another " 'Humph !' and another point to the dragged tail of my white gown.

" 'At all events it's going to clear.'

Two " 'Humphs !' and two points, one to the clouds, and one to the barometer.

" 'It's only seven miles,' said Patty ; 'and if the horses are wanted, I can walk.'

" 'Humph !' quoth Mrs. Matthews.

" 'My aunt Ellis will be there, and my cousin Mary——.'

" 'Humph !' again said Mrs. Matthews.

" 'And if a person is coming here on business, what can I be wanted for when you are at home, grandmother ?'

" 'Humph !' once again was the answer.

" 'What business can any one have with me ?'

" Another " 'Humph !'

" 'My cousin Mary will be so disappointed !'

" 'Humph !'

" 'And I half promised my cousin William—poor William !'

" 'Humph !' again.

" 'Poor William ! Oh, grandmother, do let me go ! And I've got my new hat and all—just such a hat as William likes ! Poor William ! You will let me go, grandmother ?'

And receiving no answer but a very unequivocal " 'Humph !' poor Patty threw down her straw hat, fetched a deep sigh, and sate in a most disconsolate attitude, snipping her pink ribbon to pieces ; Mrs. Matthews went on manfully with her " 'stitchery ;' and for ten minutes there was a dead pause. It was at length broken by my little friend and introducer, Susan, who was standing at the window, and exclaimed—' Who is this riding up the meadow all through the rain ? Look !—see !—I do think—no, it can't be—yes, it is—it is certainly my cousin William Ellis ! Look, grandmother !'

" 'Humph !' said Mrs. Matthews.

" 'What can cousin William be coming for ?' continued Susan.

" 'Humph !' quoth Mrs. Matthews.

" 'Oh, I know !—I know !' screamed Susan, clapping her hands and jumping for joy as she saw the changed expression of Patty's countenance, —the beaming delight, succeeded by a pretty down-cast shamefacedness,

as she turned away from her grandmother's arch smile and archer nod. "I know!—I know!" shouted Susan.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Matthews.

"For shame, Susan! Pray don't, grandmother!" said Patty, imploringly.

"For shame! Why I did not say he was coming to court Patty! Did I grandmother?" returned Susan.

"And I take this good lady to witness," replied Mrs. Matthews, as Patty, gathering up her hat and her scraps of ribbon, prepared to make her escape—"I call you all to witness that I have said nothing. Good bye Patty!" added she, "you have spoiled your pink trimming; but I think you are likely to want white ribbons next, and, if you put me in mind, I'll buy them for you." And, smiling in spite of herself, the happy girl ran out of the room.

THE TRIALS OF LIFE. By the Author of "De Lisle, 3 vols. 12mo.

THIS work, we understand, is from the pen of a lady nearly allied to a distinguished peer; and evinces in every page her intimate acquaintance with the *beau monde*. She possesses great powers of description, and a very clear insight into the workings of the human heart; but at the same time her writings display a certain carelessness and inaccuracy, which, in some instances, may form a recommendation. One of the tales in the work before us, is of a somewhat revolting character; and we must express our surprise at a lady undertaking to portray the operations of the worst passions under circumstances which can hardly occur, and which, when they do occur, should not be dragged into light. The other is a delightful tale, and is founded on an incident, or rather incidents, in the life of Tickell the friend of Sheridan.

THE MAN WITH TWO LIVES. A Narrative, written by himself. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo.

THOUGH full of fine writing, and displaying a very profound knowledge of human nature, this work is by far too metaphysical to be popular. The hero of the tale, if tale it be, is impressed with an idea that he had lived previously in another form, an effect which animal magnetism is said to produce, and this consciousness of a double being embitters his life. Why, is not accurately ascertained, yet, though the idea is somewhat novel, we cannot say that the author has made his work either romantic or entertaining.

TIME'S TELESCOPE FOR 1829.

AN engraving from a picture by the younger Teniers, and some three or four dozen excellent wood-cuts embellish the present number of this entertaining and very useful annual. This is the sixteenth volume, and it is pleasant

to find in each successive tome additional claims to notice. The editor has exerted himself in procuring a variety of amusing and instructive matter. On looking through his "Telescope" we see at one view the past, the present, and the future. The vegetable and animal kingdom find in him an admirer and an historian, and we, poor mortals! ought to be grateful since he forewarns us of the approaching comet, whose proximity to our earth, if Astronomers do not dream, is to put this globe of ours into jeopardy.

THE PROTESTANT, by Mrs. Bray, 3 vols.

Mrs. BRAY, formerly Mrs. Stothard, is too fond of obtruding upon her readers her intimate acquaintance with history. In "The White Hoods" this is particularly the case, and in the work before us her antiquarian knowledge becomes still more disagreeable. The object of a novel, whether historical or domestic, should be entertainment; and when this end is lost sight of the author fails to fulfil his purpose. Mrs. Bray is a very clever woman, and has only to exercise her judgment somewhat more to become a popular writer. The Protestant, as the name imports, partakes somewhat of a religious character; and details the sufferings and virtues of a good pastor and his family during the latter part of the reign of Queen Mary. The plot is tedious, and the incidents devoid of novelty.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the production of a lady, one of the Orleans family, who was for many years attached to the suite of the Empress Josephine. It is written with much seeming candour, and abounds with new and entertaining anecdote. The authoress labours, and not unsuccessfully, to make her once royal mistress appear amiable.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Preparing for Publication "Eminent Women: their Lives and Characters. Designed for the improvement of female youth." By Miss Jane Porter.

Mr. Jennings is preparing a Work entitled *The Tower Menagerie*, comprising the Natural History of Animals contained in that establishment; with Anecdotes of their Character and History: illustrated by a portrait of each drawn from the life by Mr. Harvey, and engraved on wood by Branston and White, with appropriate Vignettes, beautifully printed by Mr. C. Whittingham. We have seen a specimen of the work, and can bear testimony to the superior manner in which the engravings are executed.

The *Harp of Innisfail*, a Poem, has been announced,

Anne of Geierstein, or the Maiden of the Mist, is to be the title of Sir Walter Scott's forthcoming novel.





Evening & Walking Dresses for Decr 1828.

Published Decr 1828 by James B. Baile & Co. London & Finsbury

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,
FOR DECEMBER 1828.

A DRESS of white satin, with two flounces of broad blond; the upper flounces headed by a narrower blond. The body of the dress is *à la Roxalane*, with short sleeves, *en ballon*, finished elegantly by quillings of blond, forming stripes down the sleeves. The hair is arranged in two or three large bows, rather high, and sufficiently apart from each other to admit of ornaments being placed between them. These, in our engraving, consist of blond, white roses, bows of riband, or gold flowers.

The jewellery worn with this dress consists of a necklace formed of several rows of oriental pearls, with a medallion ornament in the centre. The ear-pendants are of pearls; and the bracelets of very broad black velvet, clasped with an antique cluster of precious stones.

WALKING-DRESS.

A FRENCH grey satin pelisse, faced and edged round the border, with black velvet in Spanish points. This pelisse is made low, with a double Spanish cape of black velvet, of which material is a belt encircling the waist, fastened by a gold buckle. The sleeves are *engigot*, but not very wide, with black velvet cuffs; and a bracelet fastened by an antique brooch. A small pelerine of India muslin, trimmed with fine lace, is worn next the throat; and surmounted by a ruff of the same kind, fastened in the front with an aqua-marina brooch. To shew this elegant dress to advantage we have omitted the fur tippet usually worn with it. The hat is of black velvet, trimmed with broad pink riband of two different shades.

N. B. For the style of head-dress in our first figure of an evening-dress we are indebted to Mr. Colley, Bishopsgate Street, who further informs us, that the most fashionable ornaments on the hair are gold and silver flowers, and tissue of the same, mingled with various colours, and tastefully arranged among the tresses. These produce the most elegant effect. The hair, though rather more elevated than last month, is arranged in very light curls.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE style of the English toilet is so diversified, that at all times, whether our beautiful Metropolis is full or not, we have generally something novel to record ; and though we do not expect those members belonging to the higher classes to make any sojournment among us till after Christmas, yet the presence of many, ranking amongst the truly fashionable, at this period, enables us to give a correct statement of the newest modes for the winter.

Our ladies form their attire from every different part of the globe ; thus, the large ottoman turban graces the head of a fair daughter of Christendom ; these elegant and becoming *coiffeures* are made of the gauze called cachemire, very classically figured over in patterns, like the unrivalled shawls fabricated in that enchanting valley. When a lady wears only her hair, it is again arranged somewhat higher than it was last month, in most becoming curls next the face, which, though there are many, are light and transparent. The long tresses behind are gathered up in several loops, and at the summit of the head are crowned by pieces of riband, the same colour as the hair ; ends without bows : this style is an improvement on the Chinese. The Moabitish turban is also another instance of the prevalent variety of fashions, taken from divers parts of the globe, or from historic and scriptural paintings : this turban comes low across the forehead, and has a strap under the chin, with a graceful end, handsomely fringed, hanging over the right side ; this renders them an appropriate head-dress, to the female of a certain age. Bérêts are still in favour ; they are very wide, and are formed of white crape and blond, or of gauze in lively colours, richly chequered. The dress hats are of black velvet, often ornamented with pearls, and white plumage of various kinds, according to taste. They have strings floating, on one side longer than on the other. There are toques, for dress parties, formed entirely of blond ; rows of pearls form a bandeau next the hair in front, and three white feathers are placed on the right side.

Shawls of Thibet are a very favourite envelope in out-door costume ; and the severity of the weather during the earlier part of November rendered them an acceptable addition over a pelisse ; over which, however, it is more usual to wear a pelerine-tippet of fur ; these warm appendages are also frequently worn with

cloaks, which in favour supersede every other covering. Many pelisses of light cloth trimmed with sable have been seen ; over which are black velvet capes, which produce an elegant effect. The silk pelisses, excepting those of gros-de-Naples, are of slighter materials than we could have expected ; which renders a shawl or tippet a requisite accessory : however, all the newest pelisses are of satin, which promises to have the preference to every other material : they are simple in their make, without any ornament, except sometimes a few rosettes, which are placed over where they fasten down in front of the skirt, which are of satin riband, the same colour as the pelisse.

Coloured silk hats or bonnets are only seen in carriages ; those of white are of watered gros-de-Naples, and are lined with coloured velvet, with ribands of the same tint as the lining ; but black velvet bonnets, either at the promenade or in the carriage, are now the order of the day ; though they still continue very large, their shape is unrivalled, both for the tasteful manner in which they are cut, and the truly becoming style of the *tout-ensemble* ; their trimming is a specimen of much fashion and fancy, conferring great merit on the *marchands de modes* : they are variously but all charmingly ornamented ; the one we most admired, and which has been much emulated, was trimmed at the crown with puffs of velvet ; between which were small gossamer kind of black plumes, of the aigrette kind ; these kind of bonnets, which are more worn than hats for walking costume, tie modestly under the chin on the right side, just discovering the ear-pendant ; for though very large, they are short at the ears ; though they do not expose them either to the sight or the cold ; from thence they curve gracefully and gradually to the front, and not suddenly, as was the case with the short-eared bonnets styled French pokes. Bonnets of black satin are trimmed and lined with velvet, these are more in the cottage form and are smaller ; but a black cottage bonnet is never becoming.

Gros-de-Naples is the favourite material for dresses at dinner parties ; they have, for some time, been black, and trimmed and bordered in that various way, (yet, by no means novel,) that we think we may venture to pronounce that they were not new for the court mourning. Lavender grey and celestial-blue were worn at the changes, by young ladies, either with pearls or jet ornaments ; with the former article of jewellery, we may truly say, that we find these dresses quite proper for quitting the mourning al-

together ; they are made very elegantly, with two rows of pointed flounces, formed *en dents de loups*, and standing full out from the skirt ; sometimes they are ornamented at the border with two flounces finished and headed by fringe : the corsage is *à l'Enfant*, made low, especially at the shoulders, with short sleeves the same as the dress ; over which are long ones of Italian net of the same colour. The belts continue to be finished in a point in front, where they are apparently fastened by a triangular buckle of polished steel. Long sleeves of white gauze or tulle seem to be invariably adopted with all coloured silk gowns. There have been, as yet, but very few balls at which any kind of *grand parure* has been displayed ; at the Christmas festivals which may take place, either in town or country, it is expected that, at the dances generally formed on such occasions, coloured crape dresses over white satin will prevail much. Though the mode of plaiting the skirts full all round the waist is fast going out, the shape continues to be unnaturally pinched in, and much too long ; on short females, who will, notwithstanding, follow this absurd fashion, they are frightful.

The most approved colours are, lavender, celestial-blue, pink, fawn-colours, crimson, and amber ; the browns are, Etruscan, Navarino, and camel's-hair.

MODES DE PARIS.

At the public promenades are seen many bonnets of a bright rose-colour, and others of blue, which form the greater part ; they are of Indian taffety. The crowns of all hats are lower than formerly ; but the bows of gauze ribands, with satin stripes, longer and more large. Ornaments of blond appear to be more in vogue than flowers. On hats of plain black velvet are seen white esprits, herons' feathers, and wings of the bird of paradise. Coloured velvet hats have the brims flying very much off the face, and they are broader on the left side than on the right. A bandeau of gauze extends from right to left. Carriage hats are of spotted satin, the ground of some very lively colour ; the flowers that ornament these hats are generally Indian pinks made of velvet. The floating strings are very long ; and are terminated by a rosette. A new kind of figured velvet, named *mosaic*, is often made use of in lining hats of plain velvet. Hats for morning walks *en deshabille*, are of plush ; these are of the red lilac of the marsh-mallow blossom ; they are lined with white, and have fur ornaments round the crown.

A new velvet, called *Ispahan velvet* is much admired for evening dresses this winter ; it has one great advantage, it is never known to get rumpled ; it is light, and extremely supple. Irish poplins, figured over in large flowers, form another favourite material for evening costume. For balls, the *gaze perlée*s with painted stripes, are much in request. One was seen lately at a very brilliant ball, where the flowers forming the stripes represented blue bells mingled with gold ears of corn. At the border of the skirt was a broad bias fold, over which was placed, in front of the dress, three bouquets of blue-bells, and gold ears of corn. Chinese satin, and *embroidered linon*, make beautiful ball dresses. There are also seen, at evening parties, dresses of *crêpe*, painted over in different colours. A new dress made of an article called *Abbas Mirza*, has been much admired ; it had a corsage *à la Grecque*, the plaited drapery of which discovered an embroidered chemisette. The skirt was very full all round the waist ; the ground was plain with an oriental border formed of broad stripes of twelve different shades ; it was too rich to require any trimming. The sleeves were long, wide, and of white gauze. A dress of velvet, the colour of the marsh-mallow blossom, with a very broad flounce of white blond, is a charming dress for an evening party. It has wide sleeves of blond, separated in three divisions, and the bust is finished by a double falling tucker of blond. The backs of the dresses are most of them flat and lace behind : on all gowns of stuff or silk there are no plaits of the skirt to be seen in front ; the fulness is on each hip, and over the *tournure* ; the sleeves still continue very wide. A fine kind of stuff has been invented for winter wear ; it is an ell and a quarter wide, and it is figured over in Persian patterns.

The *bérets* are often formed of handkerchiefs on a willow shape ; these are fastened to the hair, by a gold Glauvina-pin, in the centre. Marabouts, placed on the hair, in the form of a diadem, constitute a head dress which is much admired. Another favourite *coiffeure* is the having placed on the hair, various sorts of flowers, among which are very small bouquets of silver. At a concert recently given, a lady, both young and pretty, wore her curls frizzed over each temple, with a dash of powder. A turban of Abbas-Mirza-cachemire, is always adopted, with superb jewellery, when the dress is of the texture we have above described. The caps of blond and coloured gauze, &c., have experienced no change since our last accounts.

The dominion of cloaks increases every day ; those of plain

satin are much worn ; others are of ponceau with black chequers. One of great beauty has appeared, of cachemire, the colour of the pomegranate blossom, with a velvet cape of the same hue, which descended as low as the elbows. Riding dresses are of cloth the colour of heart's-ease purple ; the hat is black, with a white veil, under which appears, on each cheek, a cluster of curls. Most of the cloaks worn by the French ladies resemble those of the men ; they have square collars, and a cape which descends lower than the small of the waist. When they are of scarlet and black chequered, they are lined with scarlet silk. The newest pelisses are of bombasin ; they have a corsage which is made full in the back, the collar stands up, and then turns down again.

The fans are of black feathers ornamented with silver ; but these are only for full dress.

Gold buckles and gold buttons are much in use ; it is the former which are most in favour to fasten the carriage pelisses.

Half boots and shoes are square-toed.

The most admired colours are, marsh-mallow blossom, ponceau, blue, light grey, pomegranate, and rose colour.

PRINCIPLES OF DRESS.

In ancient Greece, costume was justly elevated to the rank of a Fine Art ; its principles were defined ; its influence on taste, on the arts, on manners, and on morals, was wisely appreciated ; and public officers were appointed to prevent the violation of its fundamental laws. In modern times, costume has greatly degenerated ; the most ungraceful forms and the most inconsistent combinations of color have studiously been adopted, but happily for the improvement of public taste, all classes now more or less avoid such glaring deformities. As it should be the characteristic and criterion of all the fine arts, that their respective subjects possess expression, or produce at once a definite, a consistent, and an agreeable effect upon the mind, so in costume, is all this powerfully effected. Nor are the principles on which this fine art produces these effects, either undefinable or actually vague. Thus, for example's sake, as all objects, when enlarged above and diminished inferiorly, have, like the inverted pyramid, an air of lightness, and one of heaviness when oppositely constructed ; just so, in costume, the small head dress and enormous train characterise the more stately dame, while the large hat or bonnet and shorter dress, distinguish the livelier girl.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO ———

BIND around thy beauteous tresses,
Dark and bright as Arab's eye,
This flowery wreath, and whilst it presses,
Let there arise but one soft sigh,
One tender thought for him who twin'd
Those stems thy clear, full brow to grace,
And his most anxious heart will find
Its fears to boundless joy give place.

Cast around thy lovely neck,
Pure and white as driven snow,
Those pearls,—And, whilst you deign to deck
With them your bosom, let one flow
Of soften'd feelings glide from thence
For him whose soul to thee is giv'n,
And he will gladly banish hence
Those doubts with which his heart is riven.

Place around thy dear lov'd finger
This brilliant circle; on its rays
Of dazzling light no eye will linger,
For thy fair hand will fix each gaze.
But would'st thou glad thy lover's heart
Let him a *plainer* ring bestow—
No greater bliss can'st thou impart,
No greater joy can he e'er know.

J. E. I. S.

TO ———

WELCOME fair star of eve, thy gentle light
Awakens feelings of a pure delight,
Of soothing, tranquil pleasure I have gazed
On thee in happier hours, and fondly rais'd
A prayer to heav'n for him, the distant far,
Who taught me first to love the western star!

They've past, but still thou'rt dear, thou dost possess
 Unnumber'd charms for me, thy loveliness
 Is as transcendent now as in those days
 Of life and love. I still can fondly raise
 Mine eyes to thee, and feel thy gentle pow'r,
 The same as in youth's gayest, happiest hour.

Thou hast awaken'd many a slumb'ring thought,
 Some kind and pleasing, others that are fraught
 With bitterness ; still mem'ry loves to dwell
 On moments past : pale vesper star farewell.
 In days more blest, should such to me be given,
 I'll love thee still, bright beauteous gem of heav'n.

BERTHA.

LINES WRITTEN FROM THE RECOLLECTION OF THE
 LATTER MOMENTS, PREVIOUS TO MY LAST
 DEPARTURE FROM HOME.

'Twas a fair morning, and the day
 In crimson curled upon the wave,
 Giving its glory to the gay
 Fond things of earth, the good, the brave,
 Mountain and valley, hill and glen,
 Put on their robe of light again,
 And green and fresh they looked, as though
 Years had not pressed upon their brow.
 The calm lake was before me, and
 No wild breeze stirred its sleepy breast,
 Gentle and still, as if the hand
 Of storm had never woke its rest.
 I looked upon it ; 'twas an hour
 To feel and worship Nature's power,
 At altars God himself hath made—
 Shrines that should never fall nor fade !
 And I did kneel and worship there,
 With all intensity of heart,
 Making to Heaven my farewell prayer,
 Ere I, from this loved land should part.
 Before me, spread the Abbey's shade,
 Where slept and sleep my kindred dead,

And round me was a rush of thought,
Which the dark past about me brought.
'Twas placid all in Heaven, and earth
 Dreamed on a couch of quiet too,
And the far mountains of my birth
 Smiled in their drapery of blue ;
And yet a weight of darkness clung
Unto my heart—I stood among
That elfin scene, the only one
Who did not bless the genial sun !
Green hills and still more lovely lake,
 'Tis long since I have said farewell !
When next I mark the morning break
 Over each haunted isle and dell,
An altered, yet a wayward thing,
I still shall love thee, still shall cling
With all a poet's love, and woo
The world to do, the very worst that world can do.
Within my father's halls there are
 Glad faces that will brighten all,
And hearts, whose thrilling pulses were,
 Aye true to Nature's fondest call ;
A mother's love—the truest, best,
That ever warmed a mother's breast—
A sister's virtues—still remain,
As then they were, to bid me welcome once again !
Frankfort sur-Mayne. D. S. L.
Oct. 9, 1828.

LINES —

To languish out one parting hour
With her I lov'd, in silent sorrow,
I sought my Leila's lovely bower,
About to leave her on the morrow.
She twin'd for me a wreath of love,
Where budding roses softly breath'd ;
More thoughtful, I a garland wove,
With gloomy cypress branches wreathed.
" Ah, why," she whisper'd with a tear,
" Since we ere long shall we meet again ;
" Twine you that emblem'd wreath of care,
" To give my boding bosom pain ?"

"Forgive, sweet maid," I sad replied,
 "'Tis fancy's wild unmeaning folly,
 "We'll place these emblems side by side,
 "Thine shall be love, mine melancholy."

We'll pile an altar here, and o'er it
 Each shall place the votive wreath ;
 Then in the face of heav'n, before it
 Kneel, our vows of truth to breathe.

We knelt, our vows of love were plighted,
 Lip press'd to lip, hand lock'd in hand ;
 Then, never more to be united,
 I left her for a distant land.

I never, never, saw her more,
 (What woes did my return betide) ;
 I learnt that ev'ry hope was o'er,
 I learnt she was another's bride !

Heart-struck, I sought the bow'r that shaded
 The altar that our vows had knowna ;
 I found *her* rosy garland faded,
My cypress wreath still liv'd alone !

CHARLES M.

SONNET.

Bright sets the sun beneath the glowing west,
 Sinking in glory as a warrior proud,
 And night's pale vapours rising in a cloud,
 Bids nature from her "Work Perpetual,"* rest.
 Veiling her wearied sons as with a shroud ;
 Yet spell-bound, my rapt spirit lingers here,
 With thoughts that spurn control, above my lowly sphere.
 Yet what were man prohibited to trace
 In Nature's book the wonders of her power,
 Which teach him while he contemplates to adore,
 And commune with his Maker, face to face ;
 Still be this volume mine to ponder o'er,
 Which, while I read, my eyes new wonders still
 Attract, more rapt'rous thoughts and deep my bosom fill.

* "Work Perpetual." See Otway's

"And the Perpetual Motion standing still."



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